

After All.

Grief is strong, but joy is stronger;
Night is long, but day is longer;
When life's riddle solves and clears,
And the angels in our ears
Whisper the sweet answer low
(Answer full of love and blessing),
How our wonderment will grow,
And the blindness of our guessing—
All the hard things we recall
Made so easy, after all.

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter;
Love complete, but faith completer;
Close beside our wandering ways,
Through dark nights and weary days,
Stand the angels with bright eyes,
And the shadow of the cross
Falls upon and sanctifies
All our pains and all our loss,
Though we stumble, though we fall,
God is helping, after all.

Sigh, then, soul, but sing in sighing,
To the happier things reply;
Dry the tears that dim thy seeing,
Give glad thoughts for life and being;
Time is but the little entry
To eternity's large dwelling,
And the heavenly guards keep sentry,
Urging, guiding, half compelling;
Thy, the puzzling way quite past,
Thou shalt enter in, at last.

—Susan Coolidge, in the Weekly.

CUPID'S MESSENGER.

"I don't think," he said, when he really began to tell his story, "that anyone who has not seen men suffer the worst tortures can understand what men are capable of. I have seen men on a long ride across the desert, when they never opened their mouths to make a complaint, though their eyes were sunken, their lips drawn into a ghastly expression, and their faces of the color of the alkali around on the plain. That is because men can get used to anything. It's different with horses, cattle and dogs. You must be brutal with them to make them understand that they must go on. But when you are in desperate straits you will follow the man who leads, without a groan or a murmur, because you know there is nothing else to do.

"But what I started out to do was to give you one case in point. We were in Colorado in those days raising cattle. Winter came down upon us that year with a rush. Our cattle began to die, and we could do nothing for them. We lost our bronchos, but it made little difference, for they were of no use to us. A man could not ride ten feet from camp. When it did not snow, a driving sleet flew on a gale and cut a man's face in ribbons. The dogs could not sleep at night, it was so cold, and often when the freezing air awakened me I saw some poor chap in the room, crouched down in his blankets, holding his teeth together to keep from shouting out a terrible oath.

"It got along toward spring, and we were as helpless as ever, for the snow began to soften in the day, hardening with the chill of night, and any one who ventured into it was inviting a sure death, in what was worse than a quicksand. Provisions had run low, and we had all been hungry for a long time. The men's bones began to stick out of their faces and through their skins, and at times there was a strange light in their eyes. But I never saw a braver set of men—and they were a rough lot, too.

"One day, when at last we began to see light ahead, something came staggering into our cabin and fell across the floor near the stove. We picked it up and turned it over to look at it. It was a man, with a beardless face, thin lips and delicate nostrils. The man couldn't have weighed a hundred pounds, he was so wasted. We chafed him, tried to get something warm into him, and then rolled him up in warm blankets. I was sitting by the stove looking at his white face at midnight. The room was warm that night, and the stove door was open so that the light fell on the starved sleeper, but I would not shut off the light, for I wanted to look at his face. It was a face that I had never before seen on the plains. It must have been eyes and handsome, before suffering and cold had drawn it out to thinness. His dark lashes were long, and they lay down on his cheek, darker than the terrible circle under his eyes. He was more like a woman than a man, and I was gazing at him in pity when his eyes opened slowly, with a dark light in them, and looked at me.

"What time is it?" he asked, with a faint smile.

"It's after midnight," I answered, soothingly. "Go to sleep again."

"When did I get here?" he asked, eagerly.

"Today," I said. "You are welcome."

"Good!" he said, in answer to my first sentence. "I was afraid that I had been sick on your hands—that I had lost time."

"No, you have only been here about twelve hours," I replied. "Better go to sleep. You look as if you needed it. You have had a worse time than we have."

"No, I am not going to sleep again," he said, in a tone of decision. "You'd better," I said. "We will have a sick man on our hands. You need sleep before you can eat—what we can give you."

"I've got to get away from here tomorrow," he said, smiling, confidently.

"You can't do it," I said. "It is no use to try. You'll be a dead man if you do, before tomorrow night."

"Oh, I am going," he answered, quietly.

"Try to get a little more sleep then," I urged coaxingly, pretending to humor him.

"I can't," he answered, fretfully.

"I begged him to try, and he turned over in his blankets. He tossed for a while, then he attempted to be still, feigning sleep. At last he drew himself up with a jerk.

"I can't do it," he said feverishly. "Why don't you sleep yourself," he asked, trying to be cheerful. "Have I got your blankets?"

"Yes," I said, "but I don't want them. I can sleep in the daytime. It's about all we have to do."

"Well," he said, propping himself up and looking at me with his dark eyes, "I'm glad I tumbled into your camp. I was about gone." A faint smile passed across his lips.

"We will pull you around in good shape," I said encouragingly, but I did not believe what I said. There was something strangely unreal about his brightness and clearness of mind.

"I am all right now," he said cheerfully. "This warmth is good after what I have had. I'll get a good start in the morning."

"We'll talk about that later," I said quietly.

"But I am going," he replied quickly, with a little ring in his voice.

"I did not answer him.

"I have been at it six days," he said, looking at me.

"What?" I cried, incredulously.

"Six days," he repeated calmly. "I started with my pack—grub. I think I've been walking ever since," he added dreamily. "I can't remember much about it."

"We talked till morning. He told me what he was trying to do. He and his brother had been raising cattle. They got caught in very bad condition. His brother had fallen sick when they began to suffer from the terrible weather. He had been stark staring mad most of the time for the last six weeks. In his fever he had moaned and cried about getting a letter sent East. In his lucid intervals he had begged his brother piteously to write one for him and get it to the railroad. It was the same old story—a woman.

"And I am carrying the letter to the railroad now," he said with a little smile of satisfaction. "He is tortured with the thought that she will be worried about him. So I have lied in the letter and said that his right arm is broken so that he cannot write and he has dictated it to me." He smiled happily.

"It's selfish enough of him," I said savagely, looking at the boy's wasted form and white face, "to sacrifice you, no matter how much he loves her."

"Oh, he doesn't know," he answered quickly, and his eye flashed warningly at me. "He doesn't know how bad it is. He's been in his bunk ever since he began. He doesn't know," he added, his chin sinking on his chest and his eyes closing to bide the pain, "that we have lost every hoof and that we are beggars."

"He lifted his face again, his bright smile returning.

"It will be time enough to tell him when he gets well," he said.

"Will you believe me that I let that boy go away the next day without further protest. I knew it would do no good. He had told me in the night in a very calm voice, but with a light in his eyes which convinced me, that he would shoot any man who tried to stop him. So we gave him the best that we had of our provisions, and watched him go struggling through the snow with heavy hearts. He had not made more than a hundred yards in half an hour, but then he turned to wave his hand at us. I knew he would never reach the railroad alive.

"There was no time for sentiment that spring. We were wrecked bodily and financially when we were able to get relief to our camp. We moved further away from the railroad, as a cattle-owner came along and gave us work, carrying us off to what was left of his herds.

"But two years later I reached a station on the railroad, sick of the plains and bound for home. A young man in overalls was rolling some bar-

rels along the platform, and I thought just as a venture that I would ask him if a dead man having a letter addressed to a woman had been found near the railroad on the spring after that terrible winter. When I went up to him he was just taking off his hat to dry with his handkerchief his dripping brow. He was a fine-looking, sturdy young man with curling dark hair and a fresh color in his smooth cheek.

"Excuse me," I said—and then I gave a loud shout; I couldn't help it, for though I never should have known the man, there was no mistaking that smile.

"I got through, you see," he said, squeezing my hand. "I was sick for a while, but not until I had seen that letter in a postal car. I got Will—that's my brother, you know," he added modestly, "down here where we could nurse him, and I went to work for the road, for we hadn't a dollar left in the world," and he laughed light-heartedly. "Then I sent him home, where a woman got him well again. He's working for the road in Denver now, and next spring we are going into partnership again in the cattle business, as we have about saved enough to make another start. By the way," he said, pulling out a bit of a pencil and scribbling off a note on a piece of paper, "call on him when you get to Denver. You'll like him. He's the finest fellow in the world, and his wife—she's an angel," he added with that wonderful smile of his. —New York Tribune.

receptions at the White House. The evening receptions at the White House are now card receptions. There are four of these each winter that may be described as regular. These are to the diplomatic corps, to the judiciary, to the officers of the army and navy, and to the Congress. Of course there are other receptions. Sometimes a scientific, a commercial, or a medical congress is held in Washington, and the President deems it to be his duty to invite the delegates to view the President and a few of his friends. But the great, regular, social events at the White House, aside from the formal state dinner parties, are the four that have been named.

Everybody goes to them. The particular guests at one being the general guests at the others. At their own reception the members of the diplomatic corps wear their uniforms, and there is much complaint on the part of some of the guests that they do not also wear them at the other receptions. The officers of the army and navy are necessarily in uniform at each of the four.

The crowd is invariably enormous. The line of carriages of arriving guests reaches from the White House porch down the long circular driveway of the grounds, out of the gate, down Pennsylvania avenue, past the treasury, around the corner, and down Fifteenth street towards the Washington Monument. A late arrival will easily consume an hour in crawling from one end of the line to the porch. Then when the door is reached, and the weary but expectant burdens of the carriage are discharged, they find themselves in a pack of human beings that is almost terrifying. It seems impossible that this good-natured crowd should be able to make its way through the single door into the White House. Sometimes the police make way for a belated distinguished guest; sometimes a window is opened, and ladies are handed into receiving hands. The crowd inside the door is as great as that outside, and the progress from the porch across the vestibule, up the stairway, and down again is so slow that sometimes the receiving party is no longer receiving when the last comers enter the Blue Room, and is so painful that the attempt to get in is often abandoned and is never repeated except by those who must and by those who have no glimpse of any of the glories of social life except in these receptions. As the crowd moves on it chats and jokes. The ripping and tearing of garments are heard. The carefully arranged hair of the women is tumbled. The crowd has occasionally to make way for a fainting woman. Twice as many people go to these receptions as are asked. A man or woman who is bound to go to a White House reception has no modesty or conscience, so that intruders are many. The heat is suffocating, and usually the crowd is expected to pour into and out of this huge humming hive of torment through one doorway. Any one who gets into the rooms, however, will find that comfort increases as the crowded ways of ingress and egress are left behind, for the White House is an ample building, and can hold a small army on its lower floors. —Harper's Weekly.

ART OF SMUGGLING.

IT IS EXTENSIVELY CARRIED ON IN EUROPE.

Ingenious Stratagems of Contrabandists—Evading the Soldiers—Four-Footed Smugglers—Contraband Traffic on the Sea.



CARIBALDI, during his exile on the island of Capraia, often used to say that there would have been no great difficulty in prosecuting his guerrilla campaigns for years if he had chosen to recruit his troops among the smugglers of the Calabrian highlands.

It might, indeed, be doubted if in practical warfare the strategic erudition of our best military academies would be a match against the tricks of border outlaws, whose skill in outwitting the vigilance of their adversaries has often been perfected by the constant practice of many years.

The plan of employing the soldiers of the regular army in the service of the Revenue Department was repeatedly tried by the French Government in the smuggler districts of the Pyrenees, but had at last to be abandoned as a sheer waste of time and trouble.

In the more dangerous localities a line of picket posts has often been extended for miles on both sides of the headquarters camp, the interval between the sentries being so close that they could communicate without an extraordinary vocal effort, and in order to test their vigilance it had been made a rule that the hours and half hours of the night must be called out by the corporal of each detachment, and repeated from post to post all along the line.

About 2:45 A. M., in a specially dark night, the sentries near St. Sauveur, in the Department of Haute Pyrenees, shouted out "Three o'clock" with a distinctness that awakened hundreds of responses and brought out half a dozen non-commissioned officers at a double quick to ascertain the cause of the untimely vociferations. Angry discussions followed, and a few minutes later a gang of shadowy forms passed the line within a few steps of a poor recruit who had been reprimanded out of his wits and would not have ventured to run the risk of another false alarm if the whole force of Don Carlos had passed by with all their field guns and ammunition wagons. The smugglers themselves had set the purpose of profiting by the ensuing confusion and of ascertaining the exact position of each picket post.

On another occasion a troop of mounted strangers challenged a sentry in good French and warned him to give the countersign more promptly in future, and, after ordering him to repeat his instructions, trotted off, leaving the be-

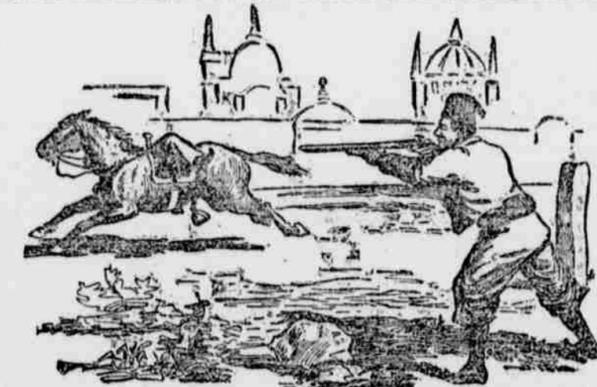
and fastened in the way that in stress of circumstances the four-footed messenger could dash through the tangled underbrush without losing his cargo. Dogs selected for that sort of work had accompanied their masters on many previous expeditions and came to understand the danger of the road so well that they would now and then retrace their steps and hide in the thickets till the evening twilight enabled them to resume their journey with a better chance of safety. Frontier guards who had accidentally come across these four-legged contrabandists reported that they would avoid the public roads as much as possible, and at sight of a stranger would stop to reconnoiter, and at the first suspicious symptom would turn aside and disappear like wolves in the gloom of the forest.

Brussels laces were smuggled in on a similar plan. A few lean sheep were wrapped round and round with rolls of valuable dry goods and then covered with an artificial fleece so cunningly adjusted that the trick could not be easily detected if the woolly contrabands were driven along with a herd of stall-fed wethers.



A SUSPICIOUS CARGO.

In the free port of Gibraltar English merchandise of various kinds can be bought about three times as cheap as in the neighboring cities of Malaga and Seville. The result is an irrepressible contraband traffic, carried on by land and by sea, by night and by day, but especially in winter, when sea fogs and long nights favor the smugglers. Fishing smacks hover in sight of the harbor and manage to approach northbound steamers at the first peep of dawn, when nine out of ten passengers are fast asleep and no indiscreet eyes are apt to notice such little private transactions as the picking up of a "float"—a package, varying in weight from twenty to a hundred pounds, wrapped up in a waterproof oilcloth and buoyed up by means of cork strips. Half a dozen such floats can be dropped in an unobtrusive way after an exchange of preconcerted signals, and a few hours after the crew of the smack will transfer the consignment to accomplices awaiting their arrival in some unfrequented cove. Revenue cutters have found by experience that there is no use in overhauling suspected ves-



A SMUGGLER RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

wildered conscript under the impression that his cross-examiner must have been the commander of a cavalry patrol from some neighboring military post.

The French Government derives a large share of its internal revenue from the duty on tobacco, and it has been estimated that an average of 2,500,000 pounds a year are smuggled across the Spanish and Belgian border in some way or other. Tobacco, cut up in narrow strips and rolled up with bundles of straw, was for years carried across the Tournay canal bridges on hay wagons in broad daylight before the douaniers suspected the trick, though in pursuance of regulations they had always taken the precaution of prodding each load of hay with long-pronged forks.



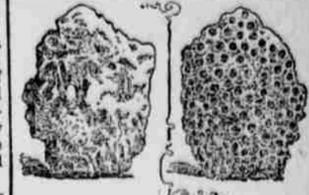
FOUR-FOOTED SMUGGLERS.

A still more ingenious stratagem was tried in the Ardennes between Philippeville and Rocroy. Finding that many of their matadors were personally known to the French gendarmes, a band of Belgian smugglers conceived the idea of training dogs for the purpose of crossing the line in moonlight, or even in daytime, during the prevalence of a mountain fog. With a little practice a stout dog could manage to trot and gallop with a load of twenty pounds, distributed evenly in small, pack-saddle-like bags,

and fastened in the way that in stress of circumstances the four-footed messenger could dash through the tangled underbrush without losing his cargo. Dogs selected for that sort of work had accompanied their masters on many previous expeditions and came to understand the danger of the road so well that they would now and then retrace their steps and hide in the thickets till the evening twilight enabled them to resume their journey with a better chance of safety. Frontier guards who had accidentally come across these four-legged contrabandists reported that they would avoid the public roads as much as possible, and at sight of a stranger would stop to reconnoiter, and at the first suspicious symptom would turn aside and disappear like wolves in the gloom of the forest.

A Madstone.

Is there a cure for hydrophobia? It is said that Pasteur has discovered one, and if this celebrated Paris physician has really succeeded in providing a rem-



THE MADSTONE.

edy for the poisonous bite of a rabid dog he will certainly be entitled to the thanks of all humankind. It is said that few persons bitten by dogs, and who die in spasms, are really victims of rabies, but of imagination. Be this as it may, the death of a person who imagines all he sees and who is evidently suffering all the torments of the damned, is a most terrible one. Of all the alleged cures for hydrophobia the madstone, so called, is the most noted.

There is certainly a remarkable madstone in the possession of Thomas Orton, a pioneer farmer living in the little town of Denver, Hancock County, Ill. Mr. Orton is a pioneer of "Ole Kaintuck," and came to Illinois along in the thirties. He brought with him the Orton madstone, which has been in the possession of his family for many years. The stone has a history. It was found in an Indian mound in a Southern State many years ago by a voodoo Indian doctor, and by him given to a negro, who, as said, paid the penalty of its use in curing snake and dog bites with her life, as she was regarded as a witch. The stone fell into the possession of a minister named Hoagland, who was a neighbor of the Ortons in Kentucky. Hoagland's boy was a schoolmate of one of the Orton boys and traded the stone to Orton's father, then a lad, for a jack-knife.

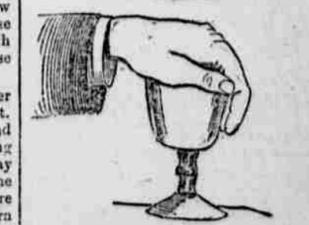
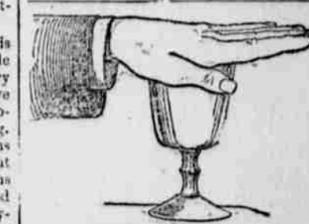
While this stone remained in Kentucky it was used in curing innumerable cases of snake and dog bite. Since it has been in the possession of Mr. Thomas Orton, at Denver, fully 100 men, women and children have tested its virtues, and it is a matter of record that in one instance only did the stone fail to prevent the occurrence of the horrible disease. The case in question was that of a farmer living in Fulton County, Ill., who had neglected to have the wound properly attended to, as stated. He was in the incipient throes of the horrible malady when the stone was applied. Two others bitten by the same dog, who applied the madstone at once, suffered no inconvenience from their wounds. It is known that in a majority of the cases treated the victims had been bitten by dogs afflicted with rabies. The accompanying illustrations are from photographs of both sides of the Orton madstone.

Before applying the stone a physician scarifies the wound. The stone is then boiled for some time in milk and water, and becomes soft and spongy. The smooth side of the stone is then applied. In every instance it adheres instantly, and remains clinging to the wound for several hours. Often the green, slimy blood and water drawn from the wound soaks through the stone, running out upon the floor through the little pores, or honeycombs, shown on one side of the stone. All patients speak of experiencing a drawing sensation when the stone is applied. —New York Advertiser.

A Neat Tumbler Trick.

To lift a glass of water by making the glass adhere to the palm of the open hand is easy when you know how to do it.

This is the way it is done: Place the glass on the table and lay the palm of the hand over its mouth, bending down the four fingers at a right angle, as shown



LIFTING A TUMBLER WITH THE OPEN HAND

in the lower figure of the illustration (1). This done, if, still resting the palm of the hand on the edge of the glass, you quickly raise the four fingers so as to have the hand outspread, as in the upper figure, you will have produced beneath your hand a partial vacuum sufficient to enable the atmospheric pressure to overcome the force of gravity, and the tumbler of water will remain attached like a cupping glass to your hand. To insure success repeated experiments will be necessary at first until the experimenter has ascertained the desired proportion of size between the hand and glass, etc.